

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowley.*



"SHE TOLD CAPTAIN ORDE THAT SHE HAD ALREADY WRITTEN TO MR. SINCLAIR."

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER III.

WARREN SINCLAIR'S letter reached its destination as Helen Lestocq presided over her mother's breakfast, in a small apartment in one of the streets of Geneva terminating on the Quai Léman, whence a side view of the lake could be enjoyed from the balcony. They had only just arrived, having lingered in the south longer than the generality of

visitors. Mrs. Lestocq thought herself an invalid requiring a mild climate in the winter, or gave herself out to be one, and induced her father, a country gentleman of very moderate fortune, to allow her sufficient, with the addition of her own limited means, to live away from Thornmead, where she had resided since her widowhood.

Measured by her tastes it was a dull residence, with no advantages for her daughter, whose fortune must be sought in the matrimonial market, and pos-

essing no interest for herself, being destined for her brother and his heirs. It was a small place, more of a farm than the abode of a country gentleman. The little old man could spare he gave willingly, glad, if truth be told, to have his house free from inmates so uncongenial and troublesome. Mrs. Lestocq, as an officer's wife, had been accustomed to stirring scenes. The society met with at Malta, Gibraltar, and other garrison towns, had not prepared her for the monotony of Thornmead, of which she was always complaining. Happily for her better peace of mind, she had a cough, for which a friend persuaded her to try Hyères. She certainly derived some benefit from the change, but her old enemy, *ennui*, pursued her even there. She found the place dull, and fortune again befriended her. General Miller, an old friend of her husband, with his wife and family, chanced to stop there one night on their way to Cannes, and so effectually roused her natural love for society that she determined to go there too, hoping, by hanging on their skirts, to be admitted into circles into which she might not otherwise have gained entrance. Mrs. Lestocq was more fortunate than many. Though her small income obliged her to locate herself in a pension, the *entré* to the general's house, an imposing residence on the *plage*, brought her into notice, and she soon found a field for the display of the attractions of her very handsome and fashionable-looking daughter. Helen sang well, played well, and talked well, enhancing the charm of everything she said or did by her radiant beauty, a little Juno-like in character, but of the splendid and dazzling type, which at the age of twenty-five could only be said to have reached its perfection. Her dark blue eyes, darker for the long lashes that shaded them, might be wanting in softness, but they were brilliant, sparkling, with conscious power, lustrous and laughing. Sorrow had not touched her; as yet she knew it only in name, and, as regarded others, from afar, her sympathy not being strong enough to draw her near. She was eminently popular with a certain class, and though many of the residents of previous years did not care to open their doors to new-comers of whose genealogy and antecedents they were ignorant, some received them willingly. Under the wing of the general and his wife, Mrs. and Miss Lestocq had as much gaiety as they desired. Helen soon gained the foremost place in the parties of pleasure that were organised, becoming the *belle par excellence*, and often the leader, in those out-of-door amusements called picnics, to which the vicinity of the Estrelles and the lovely country about Cannes so naturally led. Into these many of the idle men entered *con amore*. They wanted something to do or to find pastime without exertion.

Among the number came Warren Sinclair. His health was not strong—persons of his build are rarely robust—but on that point he was weak, and rather than own a fact that, in spite of his good sense, humiliated him, he often fatigued himself to his hurt. At first Helen overlooked him—she had several other *proux chevaliers* more externally pleasing. With them she would often join in some adventurous climbing, while Warren, less energetic, sat with her mother, listening probably to her praises, and watching for her return, for which act of kindness she would thank him with low, grateful words, and such dimpled smiles, that he thought himself well repaid. By degrees the casual friendship became an intimacy, the intimacy something more, until it was usual for

others to fall back whenever Warren Sinclair was present.

One beautiful day, in the beginning of February, there came a change in the accustomed order of things. Mr. Sinclair did not remain with Mrs. Lestocq, but attached himself conspicuously to Helen. The time and place were such as might have warmed and lured a colder heart than his from its accustomed prudence. The sun shone as it can only shine in the south when the deep azure of the vault above is scarcely broken by a cloud, and yet a pleasant air softly stirred the olive leaves, occasionally raising their silver edges without sound or rustle, while delicious whiffs from orange-peel drying in the sun contributed fragrance to loveliness. The railway took the party to St. Raphael, and thence they found their way, through pine-woods dark and odorous, over dry herbage and rugged roots, to the spot fixed upon for the picnic. Helen suspected what was coming when Mr. Sinclair contrived to detach her from the rest. Though her own heart lay cold and inert, she had been well instructed by her mother. "Recollect, Helen, that Mr. Sinclair is in earnest, which none of your other admirers are, and that he has a handsome fortune to offer you," Mrs. Lestocq had said to her daughter; "bethink you that a chance like this you may not have again for years, perhaps never. You are five-and-twenty, your beauty may fade, my pension will drop with me. Besides, there is a noteworthy truth in what Mr. Minton said the other day, 'There are many flirtations here, but few matches.'"

"But a clergyman, mamma!" answered Helen, drawing down the corners of her pretty mouth. "Can you fancy me a clergyman's wife?"

"A duke's would be better, my darling; but, as I said before, Mr. Sinclair is in earnest, and dukes are unattainable."

Thus counselled, Helen did bethink herself and smiled so sweetly upon Mr. Sinclair on that eventful day that he spoke out and was accepted. They returned home engaged, the only drawback upon Mr. Sinclair's happiness being that the change in Helen's prospects, as soon as his offer was accepted, turned her from a bright and laughing girl into a serious, almost heavy companion.

"It is such an important step," she replied, in answer to his anxious and tender efforts to sound her thoughts and feelings, and for this explanation he loved her all the better.

Before long Helen recovered her spirits, and, with the exception of indulgence in a little covert rillery now and then against his profession, was all that he could desire. Had he seen her after the perusal of his letter, as the passionate anger glittered in her eyes, which, if bright as steel, were now as hard, he would not have recognised the face that had cheated his heart of his first manly love. In the swift impulse of her wrath she tore the paper in two, and tossed it across the room with an exclamation that made her mother look up alarmed and ask what was the matter.

"The matter! oh, nothing at all!" she answered, with an irony that made her voice harsh and repelling. "Nothing, except that I have been deceived—befooled, as women usually are when they forsake their instincts to listen to reason. Not even to be consulted," she murmured, with wounded pride, "but treated as if my feelings and wishes were of no consequence—already part of his goods and chattels,

to be transported where he pleases;" and in suppressed rage she drew her lips together until they were little more than a scarlet line. "Forgetting his promises to me, and the claims I have to be considered, Mr. Sinclair coolly informs me that everything we had planned is to be changed; that he is going to be instituted to his *village* living"—all the contempt of her heart was poured into the word "*village*"—"and expects me to settle down and help him in all the moon-struck schemes that may enter his foolish head. Am I a person to be content to wear cotton gowns, and with thick, clod-hopping boots stalk through muddy lanes, into dirty cottages, for the purpose of carrying tea and sugar or talking to old women and scolding little ragged children, whose only idea of manners is to drop a curtsey and stare into your face?" Whilst speaking she rose and picked up the torn letter, standing afterwards before the shabby mirror on the mantel-piece. Perhaps the sight of her own face in the unloveliness of anger did her good, for the lips resumed their graceful curves, and some of the deep crimson that had flushed her temples died away.

As her mother made a movement to go and comfort her, Helen turned away, and, smoothing out the crumpled paper, offered it for perusal in silence, then sitting down, covered her face with her hands, while her bosom heaved with voiceless sobs.

When Mrs. Lestocq had read the letter she went and kissed her daughter, endeavouring to calm her by soothing words and caresses. "My dear child, it may not be so bad as you suppose. Mr. Sinclair has so much wealth, you will visit a good deal, and naturally will be much thought of. Part of the year you can travel. He will not refuse you any indulgence in his power to give, he promises that," said Mrs. Lestocq, hastily enumerating whatever she thought would weigh the most. "Apart from this marriage, your prospects are far from good. Cast your eyes upon our present apartment; humble as it is, you could not have even that if my pension were gone; you would have no choice but to return to Thornmead, or—or find a new home. My child, do not grieve; believe me, we will both be happier than we have been before. You may not see it now, but I can assure you that after youth is gone we crave more and more for the comforts and ease that wealth can give. Straitened means are a cruel nightmare from which there is no escape. I have denied myself so many things to give you the advantages you possess; do not throw them away now that you can count them back to me with interest. I am not a selfish mother, yet I have a right to ask you to think a little of me; besides, I know you may be happy if you choose; there are so many ways of being so. Take courage; Mr. Sinclair dotes upon you. Even in that letter he suffers because he fears you will be disappointed. If you are wise and gentle, giving him soft words and smiles instead of frowns and reproaches, you will rule him; if not in all things, at least in those that more especially concern yourself. Oh, Helen, how many would like to be in your place!"

With such counsels and reasonings Mrs. Lestocq endeavoured to reconcile her daughter to her new prospects. To break off the match would have broken her own heart, which had in a measure renewed its youth in the golden expectations to which it gave rise.

By degrees, as days passed on, Helen, if not more

reconciled to her lot, ceased to irritate herself openly against it. In the solitude of her chamber many tears of disappointment and bitterness were shed. Not only was the life offered her uncongenial to her tastes, but, saving its material advantages, it had nothing to recommend it. In her secret heart she had no love for Mr. Sinclair. His companionship in the sphere where she thirsted to move would be quite tolerable; it would give her position and consideration, as she was well aware that he was appreciated by many beyond the value of his £6,000 a year. In the retirement of a village it would be quite another thing. A perpetual round of the same occupations and *tête-à-têtes*, which must soon become worse than insipid, varied now and then by visitors as uninteresting as homely, offered nothing she cared to have. Even the decoration of her person, which had hitherto gratified the pride of conscious power, deprived of the stimulant of rivals and admirers, would soon tire her, nor would her husband's praises of her beauty make up for the silence of others. And how little enjoyment would she be able to extract from her wealth in a circle so limited! Deep down in her heart was another source of regret, infusing fretfulness into a character naturally cold and indifferent. Oh, why did Fortune treat her so badly! Altogether, Helen was very unhappy, experiencing the pangs of those who, having no other regulator of conduct than their own desires, fume persistently over obstacles they can no more set aside than plant a mountain in the sea.

Disposed to follow her mother's advice because unwilling to lose the good things within her grasp, she made up her mind to be as ungracious about it as possible. The certainty of being beloved hardened instead of softening her, making her resolve to vex and distress her lover as much as she could without losing him. He would naturally be anxious for an answer to his letter, she determined to begin his punishment by keeping him in suspense. Day after day she suffered to pass without taking any notice of it, until days grew into weeks. Her lot was so hard that all feeling overflowed in pity for herself. In vain Mrs. Lestocq remonstrated. Helen was inexorable; she would make Mr. Sinclair suffer himself for the disappointment he had caused her. "A country village, a parson's wife! Faugh! How shall I ever sink to that!" she often murmured, gazing upon the blue lake and its tranquil beauty without a thought of its loveliness. As with many an one brought up as she had been, the eye had little appreciation of the charms of nature. To enjoy soft evening skies from marble balconies, with the hum of the busy crowd below, in such a city as Venice, was one thing; it suited her; or to mix in the midnight revel with rival stars and jealous mothers as spectators; but what pleasure was there in looking at that which every one might see and admire if they were so disposed? Unfortunately, her mother could not travel much, so they were obliged in summer to make long sojourns at a few places. Mr. Sinclair and his brother had promised to join them in Geneva; but though Helen thirsted for some change, it was doubtful how far their coming was now anticipated with pleasure.

"Helen."

A voice from beneath where she was standing broke upon her meditations as Helen, resting her white arms on the iron rail of an unpretending balcony, was vaguely wondering why she was so un-

fortunate when others were happy and successful in life. She had scarcely time to step back into the room and rouse Mrs. Lestocq from her after-dinner nap when Captain Orde entered. "I am my brother's messenger; am I welcome?" he asked, looking hard into her flushed face, after the first greeting was over. She did not answer, but dropped her long silken lashes as if desirous to avoid making any revelation of her feelings. But disguise, if that were her object, could not long be maintained, as Cecil soon brought forward the purpose of his visit.

"Warren is impatient to know his fate, or rather to hear from you," he said, quickly correcting his phraseology. "Three weeks have passed since he wrote to you; how long are you going to keep him in suspense?"

"How can I be in a hurry to accept such a changed existence as he is now offering me?" asked Helen, repressing her mother's desire to stop her by a gesture of the hand. "Would Cecil Orde, with his refined tastes and keen relish of society, be willing to pass his days in a country village?"

"It would not be exciting," the young man remarked, stroking a silky, carefully-trained moustache, and speaking with deliberation, a great contrast to Helen's impetuous tones. "But it has not come to that. There are gradations and extenuating circumstances to be taken into account. My brother is not one of the 'peculiar people;' his views are gentlemanlike. Let us weigh matters a little. What have you to complain of? *Voyons!* you don't relish being a clergyman's wife—why?"

"Am I fit for it?" asked Helen, with a proud curve of the lip, not at all intending to depreciate herself.

The captain tried to explain what would be expected of him, but in a way that left it doubtful whether he was serious or not. Accustomed to Captain Orde's banter, often more caustic than reverent, Helen's features relaxed a little, which encouraged him to go on in the same strain, while Mrs. Lestocq, satisfied that she was not going to offend him or mar her cause by any ebullition of temper, dozed off again in her arm-chair.

"Again," said Captain Orde, with much gravity, "should Warren in the overflow of his newborn zeal establish the Lenten abstinences, they might purchase indulgences for the rest of the year. Don't you see that with sense and tact the mildest upcroppings of principle may be turned to good account, and will suit you far better than the sobriety of the severe class, who won't allow you a bit of pleasure even on the sly, nor a word of scandal, however delicately spiced, without telling you it is wrong? Be thankful that Warren is not one of those fanatics who cannot let you live in peace with yourself, but must always be compelling you to look behind the glass—which reflects, perhaps, a very pretty picture.

"You will be better off than Mrs. Minton, who has long been trying to reconcile two services which we are told are irreconcilable," pursued Captain Orde; "early church every morning doing duty for those members of her family who won't do it for themselves, and enacting the wall-flower at night while her daughters dance away the small hours, besides labouring all day to convince her friends that her conscience is at peace. Who presumes to question her Christianity or doubt the religious training of her daughters? Now, had your mother been equally enlightened! Are not the Minton girls paragons?"

Who finds fault with them, except crusty, old-fashioned people who are foolishly looking out for what is extinct? Then there are concerts, bazaars, and balls, all got up for charity, the tickets purchased and the sum entered in your favour because it is for the poor, to be reimbursed with interest. There is another thing," he continued, gravely, "you can sometimes compound for abstinence by a county ball. Really, Helen, if you deliberately count up all your advantages, you will see that the life is not so dismal as you seem to expect."

"I do not see these brilliant indemnifications," replied Helen, not choosing to acknowledge herself aware of the irony in the pictures he drew.

"It may be that Warren's views lead him into the line of intellectual activity," added he, speaking more seriously, "but there is nothing in them that I can see likely to affect you very particularly. Look back upon last winter. Did not some of our friends comfortably combine church-going in the morning with ball-going in the evening? What matters consistency? Warren, and many others, are in earnest, and are honest men, with some good in them, which they see no other way of acting out. But we know some to whom that sort of thing is a clever investment, enabling them to enjoy both worlds. Besides, Sir Felix Hampton gives balls, and would only be too glad to see you."

"If your brother would but live at the Abbey," observed Helen, after a pause, during which Captain Orde's half-mocking words were making some impression. The grand, imposing building, of which she had seen a photograph, rose before her eye, and spoke to the ambition which had been a strong motive-power in accepting Warren Sinclair.

"A century ago that might have been, but now, I fear, it is impossible. Residence in the parsonage is now enforced upon every man unless he show good reason to the contrary."

"What sort of place is the Rectory?—of course you have seen it?"

"A pretty place enough for a village incumbent and his family; certainly larger and better than the average of rectories, and capable of improvement," answered Captain Orde, contemplating Helen's evident vexation with a little malicious enjoyment as he continued, "We must not forget, sister elect, to enumerate among the items of happiness the joys and pleasures springing from a mutual attachment. Do not poets say that it has the magical effect of turning a cottage into a palace, and converting poverty into wealth?" A rosy blush replaced the cold disdainful expression that Helen's face had chiefly worn as they conversed together. She did not answer him, but soon left the room, and returned to the balcony. When Captain Orde joined her after the lapse of a few minutes, he found her furtively dashing her handkerchief across her eyes, wiping away tears of which she was ashamed.

Had Captain Orde wished to renew the conversation on Helen's prospects, or to tender her any brotherly advice, he had not the opportunity. She carefully avoided all reference to herself during the time of his stay; and when, on leaving Geneva a few days later, he asked if she had any message to England, she informed him that she had already written to Mr. Sinclair.

Mr. Sinclair's letter showed that he was in earnest as to the duties he had resolved to undertake. In all faithfulness and honesty he meant to be a true shep-

herd to his rural flock. He wished Helen to enter into his views, or at least to understand them. His brother, the captain, was a strangely unfit ambassador for this purpose.

FLAGS AND BANNERS.

HOW is it that a flag has come to bear so much importance and express such manifold meaning as it does? It is the emblem of triumph, defiance, and endurance. It is the vehicle of maritime conversation and symbol of earthly power. It is national, commercial, and personal. It is not merely decorative, but significant. It marks the war fleet and the mercantile marine, the army in the field and the sleeping-place of the warrior in the cathedral. Even those phases of sentiment which are common to the whole world are conveyed by it. In all nations a white flag indicates the desire for a truce, or peace; while, generally, a yellow one means the presence of some plague; red denotes defiance or battle, and black marks the pirate. The flag not only designates the ship, the regiment, the castle, and the fort, but forms the frequent equipment of the school or the church. When a people or a place makes holiday, the amount of enthusiasm felt may be mostly measured by the number of banners that are displayed. Victories in battle are immediately estimated by the flags, quite as much as by the cannon, that are captured.

In peace and war it is importunately pre-eminent. We make songs to it; it is the object of respectful salutation and vehicle of deadly insult. Do we annex or occupy a fresh country or place? The act of occupation is incomplete till with all ceremony a flag is hoisted on a pole. The lowering of it is the universally accepted admission of surrender or defeat.

And yet it is the flimsiest, most fickle instrument or material that can be used. We talk or sing of its "braving for a thousand years the battle and the breeze." Nevertheless it yields to every wind that blows, flutters into rags in a gale, and presents the minimum of resistance to fire, sword, and bullet. It is the sport of the air and prey of the moth. No doubt, however, its extreme lightness is its great recommendation. It is easy to carry, to raise, to wave, and to shift. It represents the largest surface that can be packed in the least space. Perhaps, however, being easily moved by the wind, the chief secret of its universal adoption lies in the fact that, even in the gentlest breeze, it always indicates *life*. It is not merely the lightest and handiest instrument for signalling, but it is the liveliest. When left to itself it goes on flapping or fluttering on its own account. Though the cannon of the fort be silent, their smoke dispersed, and not a human head show itself above the rampart, the unwearied flag still goes on saying its say, and flaunts defiance, or bears its airy witness to the survival of the bombarded foe. He may be hard hit and distressed, but his flag asserts itself with perhaps even livelier protest when half of its body has been shot away. The flag never gives in. Nail it to the staff, and as long as a rag is left it denies submission. Although the military standard of the Romans had a small banner beneath the gold or silver eagle with extended

wings, which was carried on the top of a spear, I fancy they would have been tempted to exchange this their metal ensign for a square of silk if their troops had been exposed to a horizontal rain of lead. The solid bird would soon have been knocked to pieces, while the flag lets the whistling bullet pass through it without the bearer feeling that it is touched. The flag is as obstinate as it is soft.

Having, moreover, been universally adopted as "significant," the flag eminently illustrates the mistakes which we may be likely to make if we judge of things merely by their intrinsic value. It is foolish to affect to despise symbolism, and to condemn a man as caring excessively for sheer trifles when he stands up for some little point of ceremony. He may be grievously in the wrong, but a false issue is raised when we blame him for making a fuss about a thing that is nothing in itself.

Many of the early Christian martyrs might have saved their lives by consenting to cast a little pinch of incense on a heathen altar. And so in many matters now, social, political, and religious, we may wholly miss the point in question when we ridicule or reproach a man or a party for attaching undue importance to some custom or symbol. We should always try to realise the thing that *is meant*, and not waste power in pretending to scorn the whole business because the dispute lies around material trifles. The battle rages hottest round a scrap of silk upon a stick. The national honour may depend upon the treatment given to what is in itself of no more value than a pocket-handkerchief. Things are not always what they seem. The omission of a signature or a seal can invalidate the gravest document. Neglect of the little courtesies of life makes the striking difference between a boor and a gentleman. The boor may be honest and true, but his unmannerly contempt of the small ceremonies of social conduct renders him intolerable. Certainly all is not gold that glitters, but a tarnished coin, however genuine, is often liable to suspicion, and a rough diamond does not fulfil the chief purpose of the jewel. The despising of that which is slight and superficial, or worthless in itself, might be wholesomely corrected when we think how much importance is universally attached to so flimsy a thing as a flag. The world is agreed not merely in using it as a convenient instrument for signalling, but in rendering respect to it as the most widely adopted material of symbolism. And it may remind us that this is one of the most marked characteristics of civilised life, or even humanity. It is the brute alone which is never ceremonious.

In the page of flags which forms the coloured frontispiece of our Monthly Part, it has been necessary to make a selection of the ensigns of all nations. They are very numerous, and the number ever increasing as civilisation advances. A few only of the flags of Asia, and of the American States and Republics, we have had space to give. Places which a century ago were almost unknown, such as Japan, Liberia, and the Hawaiian Islands, have now their national flags, which are respected and saluted like those of the oldest European empires and kingdoms. Many of the states have, in addition to the national standards, flags for commercial departments, and for many uses of signalling or of distinction. A large treatise would be needed for full knowledge of such matters.

With regard to our own imperial standards, the

national banner of England, Scotland, and Ireland are the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, unitedly forming the Union Jack. Before the union with Ireland, in 1801, the Union Jack, consisting of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, had been declared by James I., in 1606, the National Flag of Great Britain.

The Royal Standard of Great Britain and Ireland, containing the arms of the United Kingdom, is the flag of first importance. At sea it is only hoisted when a member of the Royal house is present. The Union Jack is hoisted for the Admiral of the Fleet. All her Majesty's ships of the Navy hoist only the White Ensign at the peak as the national standard.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, K.P., K.C.B.

AFTER completing his term of six years' residence in Canada as Governor-General of the Dominion, during which period he had gained in an extraordinary degree the affections and goodwill of the Canadian people, Lord Dufferin gave place to his successor, the Marquis of Lorne, and sailed from the colony in October last. Landing at Londonderry, he was received with cordial welcome by his friends in the north of Ireland. The banquet given in his honour by his countrymen somewhat later at Belfast, was at once a testimony to his personal popularity and a befitting recognition of his successful viceregal rule in Canada. Lord Dufferin's return to the mother country is, however, a matter which interests not only his Irish countrymen, but also the entire British community. With an enhanced reputation, an enlarged political experience, and with a new character for effective and brilliant oratory, he will re-occupy his place in the House of Lords.

Other besides legislative duties will, however, devolve upon Lord Dufferin. Before his return home he had been chosen to fill the post of President of the Royal Geographical Society, in continuation of a line of Presidents so distinguished as the late Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Bartle Frere, and Sir Rutherford Alcock. This circumstance is in itself evidence sufficient of his varied capabilities and acquirements. On retiring from the office of President, Sir Rutherford Alcock congratulated the Society on securing the services of his lordship. "Distinguished," said Sir Rutherford, "alike as a statesman and a scholar, and no less generally known as a traveller and an accomplished man of the world, with all the qualifications of a great administrator and ruler, I could not desire any better fortune for the Society or myself than to resign my trust into such hands. In Lord Dufferin's keeping we shall feel assured that the character and usefulness of the Society will not only be perfectly safe, but that the Society itself will receive new lustre from the association of his name as President." We need, therefore, make no apology to our readers for advertizing to the varied career of Lord Dufferin as a traveller, an author, and a statesman.

Frederick Temple-Blackwood, now Earl of Dufferin, was born the heir to an Irish barony at Florence, on the 26th June, 1826, and claims descent from the Scottish family of Blackwood, notices of which can be

traced, in the records of Scotland, to an early period. His father was a captain in the Royal Navy. He married Helen Selina, eldest daughter of Thomas Sheridan, Esquire, and granddaughter of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan. On his death in 1841, his only son, the subject of our notice, then a youth of fifteen at Eton, succeeded to the title and estates of his family. Succeeding at so early an age, it is a remarkable circumstance that at his birth, in 1826, the present Lord Dufferin stood three removes from his inheritance. In the space of five years no fewer than three barons died; and for many years there were living at the same time three widowed ladies bearing the title of Baroness Dufferin.

Through his mother Lord Dufferin inherits not a few of the mental characteristics which seem to run in the Sheridan blood. The Sheridans, we may in passing remark, are a very ancient Celtic family of County Cavan, and can be traced back to a distant period in Irish history. Two of its members were distinguished for their abilities and learning in the reign of Charles II., viz., Thomas Sheridan and Charles, his brother, Bishop of Kildare. Thomas Sheridan, son of the famous wit, dramatist, and politician, married Caroline, daughter of Colonel Callender, of Craigforth, in the county of Stirling, a descendant of a branch of the ancient house of Argyll; and thus, from his maternal grandmother, Lord Dufferin mingles in his veins a strain of the cool Scottish with the more exuberant Irish blood. Harriet Selina Baroness Dufferin, afterwards Countess Gifford, mother of Lord Dufferin, died in June, 1867. The sister of the late Lady Stirling-Maxwell, formerly Mrs. Norton, and of the Duchess of Somerset, this lady was well known in the fashionable world for her wit, beauty, and poetical talents. She was a contributor to the annuals of the period and to poetical literature. Some of her Irish ballads and lyrics appeal powerfully to the heart, and are beautiful, and racy of the soil. Among these, the most effective are, perhaps, "Terence's Farewell" and "The Irish Emigrant's Lament." She was intimate with the poet Moore, and, like him, sung her own songs with exquisite taste and feeling. It was to her, as Mr. Samuel Lover thinks, that Moore alluded when he wrote,—

"Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But love from the lip his true archery wings;
And she who but feathers the shaft when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings."

At the southern extremity of the demesne of Clondeboye, the seat of the Earl of Dufferin, on the road leading from Bangor to Holywood, rises a hill, crowned by a tower built for the purpose of enshrining some beautiful verses addressed by the then Lady Dufferin to her son, the present earl. The structure has received the name of Helen's tower. The mansion of Clondeboye was originally erected in the reign of James I., but subsequent alterations have obliterated its ancient character. From the western side of the demesne an avenue leads to the seashore, distant about three miles.

The very clever and charming satiric production, entitled "Lispings from Low Latitudes," illustrating the adventures of a fashionable lady in Egypt, published in 1863, with a brief explanatory note by Lord Dufferin, was, we believe, at the time, correctly attributed to his lordship's gifted mother.

After leaving Eton Lord Dufferin's education was continued at Christ Church, Oxford. Oxford, however, it appears, he left without taking honours. It is worthy of mention that when in residence at Christ Church, in 1847, the year of the Irish famine, and being then at the age of twenty-one, Lord Dufferin made a visit to the town of Skibbereen, in the south of Ireland. This small town was reported to be the very nucleus of famine and disease. On returning to Oxford he published a simple account of what he had seen and heard, which affords evidence of a ready observation and early thoughtfulness. Of these qualities we shall find riper fruits as we trace the course of Lord Dufferin's future career.

Lord John Russell being then Prime Minister, and Lord Dufferin belonging to the Whig or Liberal school of politics, he was, in 1850, at the age of twenty-four, created a baron of the United Kingdom. This gave him a seat in the House of Lords. Four years later his introduction to official life was made by his appointment to the post of Lord-in-Waiting on the Queen. In 1855, during the Crimean War, Lord Dufferin, in the character of Special Attaché, accompanied Lord John Russell, the British representative, to a Conference of the Great Powers held at Vienna. The failure of Lord John's proposals led to his retirement from the Aberdeen Ministry; but though the conference proved abortive, it at least afforded to Lord Dufferin some experience in the business of diplomacy, invaluable to him as a young man destined for high public service.

In the following year, 1856, Lord Dufferin's activities were turned in a direction quite different from the concerns of European diplomacy. In his schooner-yacht *Foam* he visited Iceland, Jan Mayen, Spitzbergen, and the coasts of Norway, and on his return home published "*Letters from High Latitudes*," giving an account of his voyage, which speedily ran through several editions, and has maintained its character as a popular book ever since. The reader has a taste of the traveller's qualities as a poet from the opening address to the figure-head of the *Foam*, which we infer was a likeness of his own mother, Lady Dufferin:

"Calm sculptured image of as sweet a face
As ever lighted up an English home,
Whose mute companionship has deigned to grace
Our wanderings o'er a thousand leagues of foam.

The uncouth winds stole kisses from your cheek,
Then, wild with exultation, hurried on,
And boasting, bade their laggard comrades seek
The momentary bliss themselves had won."

The clear and polished style, the humour and keen observation, the buoyant and healthy feeling, and captivating geniality of "*Letters from High Latitudes*," will long retain for it a deserved place in English popular literature.

In the year 1860 Lord Dufferin was selected to render an important service in the East. As our readers may remember, frightful atrocities were committed in that year in Syria of a nature akin to those of which Bulgaria has recently been the theatre in Europe. The animosity between the Maronite Christians and the Druses had been bitter, and of long standing. For purposes of their own, as was proved, the Turkish rulers had stimulated the chronic ani-

mosity between these religionists. Dissatisfied with the scheme of partial autonomy established by the Great Powers in the Lebanon in 1845, the Turks wished to make it appear that it was practically unworkable, and for this end they abetted the Druses in the vengeance they took for a meditated attack by the Christians. About four thousand of the latter were massacred. The Great Powers promptly interfered. Under agreement, six thousand French troops were dispatched to Syria to restore order. The outbreak took place in May, and at the end of July Lord Dufferin was appointed to act as British Commissioner in Syria in conjunction with commissioners deputed by France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia. The object of the commission was to inquire into the origin of the disturbances and outbreak, to alleviate the sufferings and losses of the Christians, and make arrangements for the future administration of Syria. Lord Dufferin's communications to his Government are given in the papers respecting the disturbances in Syria presented to Parliament in 1861. In recognition of his services in the East, his lordship was made a Knight Commander of the Bath.

In connection with his residence in Syria we may notice a lecture entitled, "*Notes on Ancient Syria*," delivered by Lord Dufferin before the Dublin Young Men's Christian Association, and published in 1864. "The first visit a man pays to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria," said his lordship, "produces a greater revolution in his ideas, a larger expansion of thought, a warmer stimulus to his imagination, than any other process his mind can undergo." Our space will not allow us to refer to the interesting contents of this lecture. From a graphic picture of the Holy Land, as viewed from the summit of Mount Tabor, we extract the concluding words. "Along the path leading from the village of Nain, little effort is required to picture to one's self the memorable procession that once left its streets, the veiled and weeping mother, the friends and neighbours with their sad burden; and, above all, that beloved and awful Presence whose memory is associated with every step we take among the hills of His earthly home."

On the 23rd October, 1862, Lord Dufferin was united in marriage to Harriot Georgina, eldest daughter of the late Archibald Hamilton, Esq., of Killyleagh. The marriage took place in the ancient castle of the bride's family, which had been beautifully restored a few years previously. The seaport town of Killyleagh, lying on Loch Strangford, belongs partly to Lord Dufferin and partly to the Hamilton family. The union of the two local families of Dufferin and Hamilton—that had lived together in the same neighbourhood for centuries, and had alike earned the goodwill and affection of the population—called forth general congratulation and rejoicing. In reply to an address from his friends and tenants on his marriage-day, and in reference to his bride, Lord Dufferin said, "I trust I shall make her a good husband, and that she will be a happy wife. As for the future, we neither of us can have a higher ambition than to do our duty faithfully in that station in which God has placed us." In many ways, and especially as the wife of the Governor-General of Canada, the Countess of Dufferin has proved herself the worthy mate of her distinguished husband.

From 1864 till 1866 Lord Dufferin held the office of Under-Secretary for India, and afterwards, for a time, that of Under-Secretary of State for War. In

December, 1868, under the Government of Mr. Gladstone, he was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and this latter post he held until April, 1872, when he was appointed Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. Meantime, several other posts and honours had been conferred upon him. Made a Knight of St. Patrick in 1863, he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of his own County Down in 1864, and created a Privy Councillor in 1868. Finally, he was raised in the peerage of the United Kingdom to the dignity of earl in November, 1871.

We may here fitly refer to the inaugural address delivered by the Earl of Dufferin, as President of the Social Science Congress, which met at Belfast in 1867. For a series of years up till 1867, Lord Brougham had constantly acted as President of each of the meetings. To occupy such a post after Lord Brougham was, said his successor, "in itself a lesson of humility." "Social Science I take to be," said Lord Dufferin, "the acquisition of such knowledge as shall enable the human community by which the earth is inhabited to reach the highest level of moral and physical well-being which is compatible with the original conditions of their existence." In his address, however, he restricted himself, as befitted the place of meeting and his own special knowledge, to dealing with some of the circumstances affecting the social condition of the Irish people. Ireland, as he pointed out, differed from England and Scotland—1st, in its restricted manufacturing industry; 2nd, in the peculiarities of its agricultural system; 3rd, in the large emigration from its shores; and 4th, in its two distinct races, and religious antagonism. Lord Dufferin had at that time made the condition of Ireland the subject of earnest study. On the occasion of Earl Grey's motion on the state of Ireland in the House of Lords on the 16th of March, 1866, he delivered his views, remarking at the time that he was unidentified with any political school or religious party in Ireland, but that his material interests and a great portion of his happiness were bound up in the prosperity of that country.

It will be remembered that these discussions on the state of Ireland took place previously to the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the passing of the Irish Land Act. In regard to the former question, Lord Dufferin advocated the establishment of religious equality in Ireland on the broadest basis. On the land question he was constrained strongly to oppose the opinions advanced by some members of the Liberal party. In addition to his speeches in Parliament, his views were set forth in a speech at a tenants' dinner in 1865; in evidence given before a Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to report on tenure and improvement of land in Ireland; in a series of able letters to the "Times," which were afterwards republished, with additions, under the title of "Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland;" and further, in another work, entitled, "Mr. Mill's Plan for the Pacification of Ireland Examined." What Lord Dufferin set himself mainly to do was to disprove the assertions then made that Irish disaffection and emigration were occasioned by the conduct of the landlords towards their tenants, and by the inequity of the laws affecting the tenure of land, or, in other words, by what was called the exterminating policy of the Irish landlords. Evils deeply seated and intimately interwoven in the past were not, in his

opinion, to be cured by meddling with the land laws. In his inaugural address to the Social Science Congress, to which we have already referred, Lord Dufferin traced some of these evils to their origin in Irish history. They were such as no legislation could cure. For no nation can be made industrious, provident, and skilful by Act of Parliament. "It is to time," he said, "to education, and above all to the development of the industrial resources of Ireland that we must look for the reinvigoration of its economical constitution." Happily, since the period of these discussions, the material prosperity of Ireland has surely and considerably advanced.

We now, however, follow Lord Dufferin across the Atlantic to the New World. His tenure of the office of Governor-General of Canada extended from 1872 to 1878, and, as it happened, he was the third Irishman who had in succession held the viceregal post. On this ground Canada is specially indebted to Ireland. When the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Dufferin's successor, on his way to Canada in November last, received on board the Sarmatian a congratulatory address from the corporation of Londonderry, he alluded in his reply to this obligation. "Who could recall," he said, "without gratitude to the country that gave him birth, the rule of the late Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Dufferin?" "Canada was, besides," said the Marquis, "indebted to Ireland for many a hardy agriculturist and many a clever artisan."

When Lord Dufferin, with the advantages that belonged to him as an Irishman, arrived in Canada to assume the functions of Governor-General, five years' experience had been had of the working of the Dominion Government. In pursuance of the British North America Act, passed in the British Parliament on the 29th of March, 1867, it will be remembered, the Dominion had been created. The confederacy at first embraced only four provinces—Ontario (Upper Canada), Quebec (Lower Canada), Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. Afterwards, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia were added, and later still Manitoba, a province cut out of the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company. The whole of British North America, indeed, except Newfoundland, is now included in the Dominion. The adhesion of British Columbia was obtained on condition that the Dominion would construct a railway to connect that province with the railway system of Canada within a period of ten years from the date of union. This undertaking, made in haste, was found to be entirely impracticable within the time specified, and led to difficulties which had to be dealt with by Lord Dufferin as Governor-General. The Parliamentary papers relating to the Dominion of Canada, published in 1875, give the history of the scheme, and the terms of arbitration settled by Lord Carnarvon, then Colonial Secretary.

It need hardly be said that in all essential respects, the constitution of the confederated provinces is a copy of the constitution of the mother country. The Dominion Parliament meets at Ottawa, the capital, and has legislative authority over all matters not specially reserved to the local or provincial legislatures. The Houses of Parliament and Government offices are conspicuous objects in Ottawa, and, like the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, are situated on an eminence, and command a romantic view. Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, is in the suburb of New Edinburgh, which lies below the capital. The house has been recently rebuilt

and improved, and the gardens are well laid out. The salary attached to the office of the Governor-General is £10,000 a year.

Lord Dufferin did not enter on his office without just ideas of its duties and functions. What a Governor-General should be he describes in the following truthful and eloquent words:—"A representative of all that is august, stable, and sedate in the govern-

ment of partisanship. He has himself said that the main duty of a Governor-General was to prevent mischief rather than to accomplish good, and with some humour he has likened himself to "a man in fustian tending some complicated piece of machinery, who goes about with a little tin can having a long spout to it, pouring in a little drop of oil here and another there."



Dufferin

ment, the history, and traditions of the country; incapable of partisanship, and lifted far above the atmosphere of faction; without adherents to reward or opponents to oust from office; docile to the suggestions of his ministers, and yet securing to the people the certainty of being able to get rid of an administration or a Parliament the moment either have forfeited their confidence." His lordship entered on his high office at a critical and important period in the history of the Dominion, when party spirit ran high, and when the new constitution, not yet consolidated, was being subjected to the test of experience. Much of his success has been owing to his strict avoidance

In the discharge of his duties as Governor-General, Lord Dufferin has visited British Columbia* and many other portions of the Canadian Dominion. Towards the close of an extensive tour in the summer of 1874, he thus gave expression to the results of his observations. "Everywhere I have learnt that the people are satisfied—satisfied with their own individual prospects; satisfied with their government, and the institutions under which they prosper; satis-

* Our readers will find in the "Sea of Mountains," by Molyneux St. John, an account of Lord Dufferin's tour through British Columbia in 1876. This work contains his lordship's great speech at Victoria, and also other matters of interest touching the relations of British Columbia to the Dominion. (Hurst & Blackett.)

fied to be the subjects of the Queen; satisfied to be members of the British Empire." "Words," he further says, "cannot express what pride I feel in the loyalty of Canada to England. Never was Canada more united than at present in sympathy of purpose and unity of interest with the mother country, more at one with her in social habits and tone of thought, more proud of her claim to share in the heritage of England's past, more ready to accept whatsoever obligations may be imposed upon her by her partnership in the future fortunes of the empire."

It is not necessary here to enter into details concerning Canadian politics, or to touch on the difficulties encountered by Lord Dufferin during his term of office. It is enough to say that he has won golden opinions from all sorts of men, and has done much by personal influence and example to stimulate the loyalty of the Canadians, and to consolidate the relations between the Dominion and the mother country.

Nor did his lordship leave Canada without addressing to its politicians words of warning and advice on the subject of purity in the Civil Service, and the necessity of upholding a high standard of public morality and practical patriotism in the eyes of the people.

Lord Dufferin's brilliant qualities as a speaker were made strikingly conspicuous by his addresses delivered during his farewell progresses in the year 1877. Tact, humour, courtesy, and kindness were blended with political wisdom in these valedictory speeches, which, in addition to the interest they excited in Canada, were read with admiration in England. In one of them he brought to general notice—almost for the first time—the existence of two strange colonies in the heart of the Dominion, the Mennonites, a race of Russian emigrants, and the settlers from Iceland, who had nestled into that distant land, and were learning by degrees the arts and secrets of a civilisation different from their own. Both of these communities Lord Dufferin visited. The Mennonites make excellent settlers, and are distinguished by good order and cleanliness. Their reserves are two in number—Rat River reserve, consisting of eight townships eastwards, and Dufferin reserve, consisting of seventeen townships westwards, of Red River. The Icelandic colony is in the territory of Keewatin, on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg.

The progress of the white race westwards will no doubt raise the difficult question of the relations of the colonists to the Indians. At the present time these relations are happily on a satisfactory footing. Lord Dufferin's parting and practical advice to the Canadians is to find a solution of this question in prevailing on the red man, by precept, example, and suasion, by gifts of cattle and other encouragements, to exchange the precarious life of the hunter for pastoral, and eventually agricultural avocations. In that case the Indians would become a valuable adjunct to the strength and industry of the Dominion.

At a farewell banquet given by the citizens of Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, to the departing Governor-General, Lord Dufferin reviewed the history of the Dominion, and specially traced the progress of that new province, which he regarded "as the key-stone of the mighty arc of sister provinces which spans the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific." We may conclude our sketch of Lord Dufferin's career by an extract from this speech, which will at once convey a vivid idea of the splen-

dour of the British inheritance in Canada, and furnish an example of his lordship's glowing yet unexaggerated oratory. "It was here in Manitoba," he said, "that Canada, emerging from her woods and forests, first gazed upon her rolling prairies and unexplored north-west, and learnt, as by an unexpected revelation, that her historical territories of the Canadas, the eastern seaboard of New Brunswick, Labrador, and Nova Scotia, the Laurentian lakes and valleys, cornfields, and pastures, though themselves more extensive than half a dozen European kingdoms, were but the vestibules and antechambers to that till then undreamt-of domain, whose illimitable dimensions alike confound the arithmetic of the surveyor and the verification of the explorer. It was here that, counting her past achievements as but the preface and prelude to her future exertions and expanding destinies, she took a fresh departure, received the afflatus of a more Imperial inspiration, and felt herself no longer a mere settler along the bank of a single river, but the owner of half a continent, and in the amplitude of her possession, in the wealth of her resources, in the sinews of her material might, the peer of any power on earth." In the following inspiring words Lord Dufferin wound up his oration at Winnipeg. "In a world apart, secluded from extraneous influences, nestling at the feet of her majestic mother, Canada dreams her dream and forbodes her destiny—a dream of ever-broadening harvests, multiplying towns and villages and expanding pastures; of constitutional self-government and a confederated empire; of page after page of honourable history, added as her contribution to the annals of the mother country, and to the glories of the British race; of a perpetuation for all time upon this continent of that temperate and well-balanced system of government, which combines in one mighty whole as the eternal possession of all Englishmen, the brilliant history and traditions of the past, with the freest and most untrammelled liberty of action in the future."

J. H.

AUTOMATA.

BY JOHN NEVIL MASKELYNE.

I.

AUTOMATA, or self-acting machines, might be taken to include clocks and other devices which, by means of weights, levers, pulleys, and strings, move for a considerable time; but the word will here be used in its technical sense, as indicating mechanical figures made to cause wonder and amusement. Chief among these are what are called "androides," or man-resembling figures, capable of performing the motions of human beings, apparently the result of will and intelligence.

There are those who conceive talent to be thrown away upon such toys, but the fact is, the ingenuity of their authors has led to the construction of mechanisms of greatest use to mankind. Thus Sir David Brewster observes: "The same combination of the mechanical powers which made the spider crawl, or waved the tiny rod of the magician, contributed in future years to purposes of higher import. Those wheels and pinions, which almost eluded our senses by their minuteness, reappeared in the stupendous

mechanism of our spinning-machines and our steam-engines. The elements of the tumbling puppet were revived in the chronometer, which now conducts our navy through the ocean, and the shapeless wheel which directed the hand of the drawing automaton* has served in the present age to guide the movements of the tambouring engine."

But these grand "possible results" have seldom been in the minds of the makers of automata. They have generally sought their own advantage in catering for the amusement of their kind. This is a fair and laudable purpose, especially if science is called to assist the illusion. Many great men have thought it worthy of their energies to devote some attention to automata. Archimedes, the most famed mechanist of antiquity, found time for, and pleasure in, the making of such "inconsiderate trifles." Many scientific men since his time, as Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, Regiomontanus, the Marquis of Worcester, Dr. Hooke, Vaucanson, and others, have striven in the same direction.

All automata have not been useless, even in their own time. Witness that equine wonder mentioned by Isaac D'Israeli. It seems that a philosopher, annoyed by having horses led to drink beneath the window of his study, "made a magical horse of wood, according to one of the books of Hermes, which perfectly answered his purpose by frightening away the horses, or, rather, the grooms. The wooden horse, no doubt, gave some palpable kick!" In many cases automatic machines have not been of such value to their makers; frequently they have brought them into serious trouble as sorcerers; and ignorance has, in some instances, led to the destruction of the figures, as when Descartes's "wooden daughter" was being conveyed by sea, and the prying ancient mariner, fixing his "glassy eye" at a cranny in the packing-case, was frightened by the wooden lady speaking to him, and induced by his superstitious fears to throw the box and its contents overboard.

It is as well to say at once that the accounts of early automata must be received with caution, as unquestionably exaggerated, while possibly, in some cases, the stories are wholesale fabrications. The mechanisms of the Middle Ages, too, were terribly be-puffed by contemporary writers. Some of these were, doubtless, marvels of delicate workmanship when mechanical, but clock-work simply. The nearest approach to the supernatural in such creations were those dependent upon trickery, pre-eminent amongst which were some apparently endowed with human speech, where the conjurers called in science to their aid. Amongst the earliest recorded self-moving engines are those mentioned by Homer (to whom we must accord poetic licence), tripods constructed by Vulcan for the Temple of Olympus. These, by their own volition, took their stations in the banquet-hall of the gods. Archytas of Tarentum, a Pythagorean philosopher, who had been Plato's tutor, 400 B.C., made a wooden dove, or pigeon, that would fly, but when once it settled could not renew its flight. Aulus Gellius says that it flew by mechanical means, being suspended by balancing, and animated by a secretly-enclosed *aura* of spirit, a definition of motive-power sufficiently indefinite and abstruse for a modern spiritualist. Bishop Wilkins more sagely attributes such motion, if it did exist, to the presence of rarefied air within the body of the machine.

Artificial puppets that ran, actuated by internal springs, are said to have been a favourite amusement of the Greeks, and the Romans imitated these in their *neurospasta*. Dædalus was most prolific of automata; he had female dancers and a wooden cow. The latter sounds somewhat prosaic, though we have long been accustomed to the mechanical "cow with the iron tail"—a great source of lacteal riches for London! He made some statues so active and vigorous that it became necessary to tie them down to prevent them running away! This is a doubtful legend. It is all very well to see a figure bound with ropes and to be told that if once released it would "run like a lamplighter," but there is not much proof about it. It reminds one of the story told of Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet: he took his followers to a deep stream, that they might see him walk dry-shod over it. By the waterside he stopped and faced the eager crowd: "Have you faith," said Joseph—"have you faith that I can walk across without wetting my feet?" "We have—we have!" cried his enthusiastic people. "Then," said the prophet, "that is as good as if I were to do it fifty times—the end is gained!" and he walked away with his patriarchal umbrella under his arm—for, like other Mormon leaders, Joseph had ever an eye to the main chance, and provided for a rainy day.

Aristotle mentions a wooden Venus, constructed by Dædalus, the secret of whose motion depended upon quicksilver; but Sir David Brewster points out that its movements could not be due to such agency, "unless the automaton moved on a descending plane, like the Chinese toy called a tumbling mandarin, which by means of mercury included in the cavity of its body is made to tumble down a series of steps like a stair."

Amongst the automatic achievements of the ancients, Bishop Wilkins mentions an image holding in its hand a golden apple, "beautified," he says, "with many costly jewels; if any man offered to take it, the statue presently shot him to death; the touching of this apple serving to discharge several short bows, or other the like instruments, that were secretly couched within the body of the image."

Automata apparently possessed of human speech were long a source of marvel. The speaking head of Orpheus was an awe-inspiring enigma to the Greeks; but it is more than probable that the wonder was to be accounted for on the same principle as the vocal powers of the colossal statue of the Indian god, Siva (the Destroyer), where a seat was provided for the priest under the head-gear of the figure, and from this came the voice of the supposed god. Tubes were often used to convey the sounds. The Scandinavian Odin had a speaking head of *Mirue*, constructed after the death of that mythical hero, and the monk Gerbert (afterwards Pope Sylvester II) is credited by William of Malmesbury with making a brazen head gifted with speech.

The celebrated talking head of the Franciscan friar, Roger Bacon, of Ilchester, has often been referred to, but the records are so mixed up with stupid legends that no useful information can be gathered from them.

A contemporary of Roger Bacon, the friar Albert Groot, called "Albertus Magnus," from the Latinising of his name of Groot, or Great, sometime Bishop of Ratisbon, is stated to have designed a speaking head of earthenware, and a man of brass, who politely answered the visitor's tap at the distinguished

* This probably refers to the figure of M. Le Droz the younger, mentioned hereafter.

chemist's door. We may fairly put Albert Groot's man of brass down as fable, or perhaps it was only an allegorical way of describing his not very modest nor popular servant.

This brazen man is said to have been worked at for thirty years under various constellations and *according to the laws of perspective*, whatever that has to do with such movements; and one story runs that when the androide was raised to the dignity of Groot's attendant it became inflated, and when once the machinery of its tongue was set in motion, like the "cork leg" of a famous ballad, there was no stopping it! It is also said that Thomas Aquinas smashed the figure to be rid of its ceaseless loquacity; while another legend is that Aquinas knocked it over with his staff because he imagined it to be the work of the devil. If this be true, Thomas, whose dull face had led his schoolfellows to call him "The Ox," must have been as dull as that amiable animal; albeit Groot is reported to have said that Thomas was an ox who would one day make his lowings heard throughout Christendom. Albertus took his misfortune very mildly, it seems, merely exclaiming, "Periit opus triginta annorum."

Porta, in his "Natural Magick," says, "I read in many men of great authority that Albertus Magnus made a head that speak; yet, to speak the truth, I give little credit to that man, because all I made trial of from him I found to be false, but what he took from other men." We are in duty bound to note that one person has been found ingenious enough to advance a most original theory. This is, that the interior of the body should be charged with words—as a cannon with powder and shot—beforehand, to be rattled out, like the frozen-up tunes in Baron Munchausen's trumpet when a thaw came. Bishop Wilkins says some have thought it possible to preserve the voice, or any words spoken, in a hollow trunk or pipe, and that this pipe, being rightly opened, the words will come out of it in the same order wherein they were spoken—a rough anticipation of the phonograph!

Many attempts at speaking-machines have been made nearer our own time. In my article upon acoustics (see "Leisure Hour," 1878, p. 204) some were named that owed their wonderful power to tubes such as are now so familiar to the public for the like purpose of carrying the voice for long distances.

Evelyn's "Memoirs" state that when he was in Italy, in 1644, he visited the Villa Borghese, at Rome, and there saw the figure of a satyr that "artfully expressed a human voice;" but we receive no further particulars. In his diary of the 13th July, 1654, however, he writes, "We all dined at that most obliging and universally curious Dr. Wilkins, at Wadham College (Oxford). He had contrived a hollow statue, which gave a voice, and uttered words by a long concealed pipe that went to its mouth, whilst one speaks through it at a good distance."

About 1774 the Abbé Mical (who made some musical automata) exhibited two speaking heads at the Academy of Sciences, at Paris; and at London Cucchiani, an Italian conjurer, in 1825, admitted the public to view a bust of Napoleon which was said to speak in any language. Possibly the Abbé's attempts were genuine efforts at imitating the human voice by reed sounds; undoubtedly Cucchiani's bust was on the principle of "The Invisible Girl" (see the paper previously alluded to) which was brought out in Paris in the same year.

This was the best and most successful *trick* in the so-called "speaking-machine" business, and was worked upon the lines laid down by Baptista Porta nearly two hundred years previously.

From the foregoing it will be noticed that such creations are to be divided into two classes, the first and larger one being that in which trickery is employed to deceive the senses, and where the voice of a concealed person is conveyed by reflection, or through tubes, to the machine; the second is the smaller but more meritorious class, where the makers have made earnest efforts to reproduce by machinery and tubes or pipes the sounds of the voice of man.

De Kempelen, the inventor of the famous chess-player, gave his attention to the subject, and is said to have shown a machine to his friends which spoke a great number of words and sentences. But with one so accomplished in the arts of deception as De Kempelen there will always remain a doubt whether these effects were not produced by an accomplice concealed in that "rectangular box about three feet long." Sir David Brewster thought that "perhaps the chess-playing dwarf" (referred to hereafter) "was not altogether unconcerned in the performance." De Kempelen's attempt was in 1783, after the introduction of M. Kratzenstein's ingenious "vowel-pipes" before the Imperial Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburg, in 1779. These were reeds, and by blowing into them the vowel sounds were produced. Mr. Willis, of Cambridge, improved upon these by adapting cylindrical tubes to the reeds, whose length was capable of variation by sliding joints. Neither of these arrangements surmounted the difficulties of successfully imitating "the human voice divine."

Notwithstanding all the failures, Sir Charles Wheatstone exhibited the result of his labours at a meeting of the British Association at Dublin. This machine spoke only a few words, and those very indistinctly.

Herr Faber, of Vienna, brought out a talking figure of a woman in the Boulevard Magenta, Paris, 1862, and subsequently in London. Some unpleasant sibilant sounds were obtained from this machine by the professor, who played upon keys as of a piano.

Thus, though several loyal efforts have been made, the human voice still baffles correct imitation; our speaking dolls, who say "papa" and "mamma" so much alike that it takes a quick ear to distinguish one from the other, are almost on a par with all that is known of real talking-machines. I do not look upon the reproduction of vocal sounds as an absolute impossibility. There are ample means now to work upon, so as to surpass any of the contrivances of this kind yet published to the world.

I have thus, for the convenience of comparison, grouped all speaking-machines together, but shall now return to the chronological order of the automata first pursued, and departed from after Albert Groot's brazen man. To the maker of this very doubtful monster succeeded another automatic mechanician, whose wonders are equally open to suspicion. This was the German astronomer Johann Müller, called "Regiomontanus," from *Mons Regius*, or Königsberg. He constructed an iron fly that left his hand at a banquet and returned after making a circuit of the hall. He is also credited with making a wooden eagle that flew forth from the city of Nuremberg upon June 7th, 1470, to meet the Emperor Maximilian. It perched upon the city gates, and stretched

out its legs as if to salute the monarch! The story is somewhat apocryphal, and some authorities hint that it was a tame dove decked with some nobler feathers.

Beckman, author of the "History of Inventions," thinks all the wonders ascribed to Regiomontanus were stories invented by Peter Ramus, on whose authority they mainly rest, or accepted by him on hearsay, as he never visited Nuremberg until 1571, more than a hundred years after the supposed marvels were accomplished.

Jean de Mont-Royal is said to have presented the Emperor Charles v with an iron fly that hovered round the inventor's head, and then rested on his arm—a suspicious *replica* this of the fly of Johann Müller.

Charles v, after his abdication, studied mechanism under Janellus Turrianus, of Cremona, at the monastery of St. Justin. He is said to have introduced puppets upon the table after dinner, beating drums, blowing horns, or charging each other in fight; also iron mills, self-moving, and so small that a monk could carry one in his sleeve, yet sufficiently powerful to grind enough corn in a day to last eight men for a like term. This seems about as easy of belief as are the stories of fairy mills that grind one young again; but then we must remember what capacious sleeves those monks wore. About this time, also, Hans Bullman, padlock-maker, of Nuremberg, made many lilliputian figures of men and women. These beat drums and played upon lutes by clock-work, and probably some found their way into the ex-monarch's museum. About the year 1679 Dr. Robert Hooke, when secretary of the Royal Society, seems to have been smitten with a desire to emulate the feats of the ancients in the construction of a machine by which men could fly in any direction. He, however, gained little in reputation by his flying chariot, or chair, and his fame rests upon a lower but more solid basis in his observations on the quadrant, telescope, and microscope. Hooke merely followed in the wake of many clever men, who deemed it possible to make some kind of machine to make men fly, though all such attempts have hitherto failed.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

LIMPETS.

WHO that has visited rocky sea-shores but must have seen the limpet? And perhaps to most the sight has not been particularly interesting. There they are, every day in the same spot, unattractive in either colour or shape, some big, some little. Perhaps the fact not only of holding on, but living and thriving on a wave-beaten ocean coast, may have been thought a little remarkable. I feel persuaded that closer acquaintance would disclose much to interest. I at least have felt deeply interested in limpet study, and will, if you incline, make you partaker of what I have seen and felt among the limpets on dark nights and bright days.

To an ordinary observer the limpets seem stationary, occupying the same spot on the face of the rock for weeks, months, years. Nor is this at variance with fact. From infancy to old age, if not removed by violence, the limpet will keep to the

same spot, summer and winter. When the boy becomes a man, the limpets marked by him when a boy are there still—not merely on the same rock front, but on the identical spot, as if a dead fixture instead of a living creature.

The best place to study their habits is in a rock-fissure, a little below high-water mark—say, half-tide—a fissure too deep for your hand to reach the limpets, but in which you see them distinctly. Here you will see them planted side by side as if set by human hand, some big, some little, but all in rows, so that each limpet seems to have a right-of-way to come out if so inclined. But who ever saw them except as described? Everybody knows they can move; and in order to feed one fancies they must. Yet who ever saw them move?

Now come with me to such a fissure; count the number of limpets in it; mark the exact position of each and the size of each. Repeat this visit twelve or twenty times, until each limpet becomes as familiar as the button on your sleeve. We now visit our fissure about midnight—hardly worth loss of sleep and exposure, but when on a discovery on which the mind is set, sleep and comfort count for little. We are off; it is about half-flood, not more. Coming within several yards of our familiar fissure, we cease to speak, and crawl on in silence. Now we are at the spot. If there is a moon we may have light sufficient, if not, we strike a light and look into the fissure, and, to our surprise, the limpets are all gone! Look outside; there they all are, moving about promiscuously like sheep in a park! The least noise will cause them either to squat down or roll off into the sea; but if silent, we can remove them with ease as they move about. Our object just now is not to take them for bait, but to look at them and learn something from them. We thereupon withdraw in silence, and next day visit our fissure. There they all are, each in the same spot as on previous days. No; perhaps we miss one small limpet. Barring accidents, I can account for the little chap. Limpets have laws or rules of procedure in common with all living creatures. Rule number one seems to be that no limpet shall invade the resting-place of another: the penalty, death. Young limpets, like the young of a noble race, from selfishness, ignorance, or bravado, sometimes violate this rule. When out feeding, they are sooner filled than big ones, and return sooner to the fissure. From mistake or choice, the wee thing will, on a rare occasion, settle down in the bed of a big one. When the old fellow returns and finds his bed occupied, he touches the invader with his feelers. The only effect of this gentle hint is to cause the little one to adhere more firmly. The big limpet at once puts the law in force by inflicting the penalty death on the transgressor. He moves on to the top of the small limpet until he gets hold of the rock all round the little one, and by thus excluding the air suffocation soon does the fatal work. When the big limpet moves off, the dead one usually rolls to the bottom of the fissure, when it is at once taken in hand by a number of insects which seem to have been waiting for such an event, and in a short time all that remains of the ambitious youth is an empty shell!

Such tragical scenes in a limpet village are rare, but they do occur, as the empty shells at the bottom of the fissure testify. I have witnessed the execution, and, I am afraid, felt more sympathy for the condemned than respect for the law. To take the part

of the weak against the strong is a common impulse but it is not always the right thing to do. I have knocked down the big limpet more than once, but always felt doubtful whether I were on the side of right. Let me add that a given state of weather is required for the limpet to move freely. I have known it stationary for weeks together until covered by the sea.

Walls, Shetland.

L. FRASER.

THE COW-TREE OF THE CARACCAS.

Of vegetable productions, few have excited more general interest in the botanical world than the Palo de Vaca, or Cow-tree of the Caraccas (*Galactodendron* utile*), which belongs to the natural order *Artocarpææ*, a family containing the bread-fruit (*Artocarpus incisa*), the virulent Upas-tree (*Antiaris toxicaria*), and many other plants.

The appearance of the *Galactodendron* at the Paris Exhibition has caused fresh attraction to be directed to it, and its introduction and cultivation to be recommended in parts of the world of which the tree is not a native, where a constant supply of the milk would prove of great advantage. The milk of the Cow-tree has been analysed by various chemists, who have found it to contain more than thirty per cent. of galactine. Living specimens of this important tree may be seen in the collections at Kew, and at the Royal Botanic Gardens in the Regent's Park.

The late Baron Humboldt was the first to bring the Cow-tree of Caraccas into notice. In his valuable "Relation Historique" he says, "We returned from Porto Cabello to the valley of Aragua, stopping at the plantation of Barbula, through which the new road to Valencia is to pass. For many weeks we had heard a great deal of a tree whose juice is a nourishing milk. The tree itself is called the Cow-tree, and we were assured that the negroes on the farm, who are in the habit of drinking large quantities of this vegetable milk, consider it as highly nutritive, an assertion which startled us the more as almost all lactescent vegetable fluids are acrid, bitter, and more or less poisonous. Experience, however, proved to us, during our residence at Barbula, that the virtues of the Cow-tree, or Palo de Vaca, have not been exaggerated. This fine tree bears the general aspect of the star apple-tree (*Chrysophyllum Cainito*). Its oblong, pointed, coriaceous, and alternate leaves are about ten inches long, and marked with lateral nerves that are parallel and project beneath. The flower we had no opportunity of seeing. The fruit is somewhat fleshy, and contains one or two kernels. Incisions made in the trunk of the tree are followed by a profuse flow of gluey and thickish milk, destitute of acidity, and exhaling a very agreeable balsamic odour. It was offered to us in calabashes, and though we drank large quantities of it, both at night before going to bed and again early in the morning, we experienced no uncomfortable effects. The viscosity of this milk alone renders it rather unpleasant to those who are unaccustomed to it. The negroes and free people who work in the plantations use it by soaking bread in it made from maize, manioc, aropa, and cassava; and the superintendent of the farm assured us that the slaves become visibly fatter during the season when the Palo de Vaca yields most milk. When exposed to the air this fluid displays on its surface, probably by the absorption of

the atmospheric oxygen, membranes of a highly animal nature, yellowish and thready, like those of cheese, which, when separated from the more watery liquid, are nearly as elastic as those of caoutchouc, but, in process of time, exhibit the same tendency to putrefaction as gelatine. The people give the name of cheese to the curd which thus separates when brought into contact with the air, and say that a space of five or six days suffices to turn it sour, as I found to be the case in some small quantities that I brought to New Valencia. The milk itself, kept in a corked bottle, had deposited a small portion of coagulum, and, far from becoming foetid, continued to exhale a balsamic scent. When mingled with cold water the fresh fluid coagulated with difficulty, but contact with nitric acid produced the separation of the viscous membranes.

"This wonderful tree appears peculiar to the Cordillera of the shore, especially from Barbula to the lake of Maracaybo. Some individual Cow-trees are also said to exist near the village of San Mateo, and likewise in the valley of Caucagua, three days' journey to the east of Caraccas. At Caucagua the natives call the tree which yields this nutritive fluid *Milk-tree* (*Arbol de leche*), and pretend to discriminate, by the thickness and hue of their foliage, those trunks which contain most sap, as a cowherd would know, by outward signs, the best milch cow in his herd.

"I own," the Baron continues, "that amid the great number of curious phenomena which offered themselves to my notice during my travels, there was hardly one which struck my imagination so strongly as the sight of the Cow-tree. Neither the noble shadowy forests, nor the majestic current of rivers, nor the mountains hoary with sempiternal snows,—none of these wonders of tropical regions so riveted my gaze as did this tree, growing on the sides of rocks, its thick roots scarcely penetrating the stony soil, and unmoistened, during many months of the year, by a drop of dew or rain. But dry and dead as the branches appear, if you pierce the trunk, a sweet and nutritive milk flows forth, which is in greatest abundance at daybreak. At this time the blacks and other natives of the neighbourhood hasten from all quarters, furnished with large jugs to catch the milk, which thickens and turns yellow on the surface. Some drink it on the spot, others carry it home to their children; and you might fancy you saw the family of a cowherd gathering around him, and receiving from him the produce of his 'kine.'"

Sir Robert Ker Porter made an excursion in 1837 into the mountains, some fifty miles distant from the city of Caraccas, about three leagues from the coast, not far from the town of Coriaco, and, after extreme pedestrian labour, up the steep forest-covered face of the mountain, reached the spot where the Palo de Vaca grows; and he says that the sight of this extraordinary tree fully repaid him for the fatigue and the severe wetting which he experienced. The elevation above the level of the sea, he states, cannot be less than four thousand feet, and he found the temperature at eight o'clock under the spreading branches of the tree was 70° Fahr. Sir Robert made a drawing of one of the trees which he saw, the trunk of which measured somewhat more than twenty feet in circumference at about five feet from the root. This colossal stem ran up to a height of sixty feet, perfectly uninterrupted by either leaf or branch, when its vast arms and minor branches, most luxuriantly clothed with foliage, spread on every

* From-gala, milk, and dendron, a tree—milk-bearing tree.

side, fully twenty-five or thirty feet from the trunk, and rising to an additional elevation of forty feet, so that this stupendous tree was quite a hundred feet high in all. The leaves, when in a fresh state, are of a deep dark and polished green, nearly resembling those of the laurel tribe, from ten to sixteen inches long, and two or three inches wide. The wood forming the body of the trunk is white, very close-grained, and hard, resembling the boxwood of Europe. It would be interesting to have experiments made to see if the wood is suitable for wood engraving, as if it should prove to be so, such large blocks as could be obtained from a trunk of the Cow-tree would be invaluable for large engravings. Sir Robert Ker Porter says that the soil in which the trees grow is dark and rich, and must be damp, or very wet, all the year round.

Varieties.

SOFA-WORSHIP.—A recent paragraph in the "Athenæum" illustrates the absurd length to which relic-worship can be carried:—"The worshippers of Shelley will be glad of some further information regarding the Shelley relic, the sofa, mentioned last week. It is now shown conclusively that this is the sofa which Shelley ordinarily used in Pisa. At his death it came, of course, to Mrs. Shelley; she, on leaving Pisa, presented it to Leigh Hunt. When his turn for quitting Pisa arrived, he sold it to Mr. Charles Brown. This gentleman eventually returned to England, and then Mr. (now the Barone) Kirkup bought the sofa; and 'Lander' (says Kirkup) 'always laughed at me for paying the value of Brown's appraiser, who had a percentage on the price, and therefore raised the price accordingly.' Shelley is known to have slept on the sofa the two or three nights that he was in Pisa before his last fatal voyage.

USEFUL FODDER PLANTS.—In the "Leisure Hour" for October, 1877, p. 656, a description was given of the Caucasian prickly comfrey (*Symphytum asperum*), as being an excellent fodder plant; and it may be useful to direct attention to some other plants which afford an abundant supply of most useful food for cattle and sheep.

1. The chicory, wild endive, or succory (*Cichorium Intybus*) was first cultivated in this country about 1780, by Arthur Young, who held it in very high estimation, and who, indeed, considered it of such consequence for different purposes of the farm, that on various sorts of soil the farmer cannot, without its use, make the greatest possible profit. Where it is intended to lay a field to grass for three, four, or six years, in order to rest the land, or to increase the quantity of sheep food, there cannot be any hesitation in using it, as there is no plant to rival it. Upon blowing sands, or upon any soil that is weak or poor and wants rest, there is no plant that equals this. On such blowing poor sandy lands as many districts abound with, especially in Norfolk and Suffolk, it will yield a greater quantity of sheep food than any other plant at present in cultivation. On fen and bog lands and peat soils it also thrives to much profit. On all lands where clover, from having been too often repeated, is apt to fail, chicory may be substituted to great advantage. It does very well for cattle, both lean and fattening; and it is said to increase greatly the milk of cows. It is of great use to those who keep a large stock of swine; and it does exceedingly well in an alternate system of grass and tillage, as it will last four, five, six, or even more years; but it should not be sown with any view of making hay in this climate, though it forms a considerable portion of many of the best meadows in the south of France and in Lombardy. The plant has long, thick, perpendicular roots, a tuft of endive or lettuce-like leaves, and when it shoots into flower its stems rise from one to three feet high, being rigid, rough, branched, and clothed with leaves and blue flowers. It is found wild in dry calcareous soils in England, and in most parts of Europe of similar or greater temperature. The

culture of chicory is the same as that of clover. It is grown in gardens for culinary purposes, and the seed may be procured from the seed shops. From eight to twelve pounds of seed, which should be fresh, are usually sown to an acre.

2. The yellow lucern (*Medicago falcata*), which is much hardier than the common lucern, has been successfully cultivated on poor soils in some parts of France and in Switzerland, and is now being tried in some parts of England. In a wild state it is generally found in dry gravelly soils, chiefly in the eastern counties of England.

3. The kidney vetch (*Anthyllis vulneraria*), a British perennial, frequent in dry pastures, and on the borders of fields in chalky or limestone districts, is also now being tried in England. The herbage is eagerly eaten by cattle; and as some of the most profitable sheep pastures of Southern Europe abound with this plant, it will probably repay the attention of the British farmer in many of the dry and barren districts of this country.

4. The saintfoin (*Onobrychis sativa*) is found highly valuable to the farmer in dry and especially in chalky districts, growing luxuriantly where grass or corn would yield but a small produce. No plant is better liked by cattle, and when eaten in a green state it is not apt to swell or hove cattle like the clovers or lucern. On soils that are suitable for the saintfoin (those that are dry, deep, and calcareous), no farmer can sow too much of it. It is a deep-rooting perennial, with branching spreading stems, compound leaves, and showy red flowers.

5. The Jerusalem artichoke (*Helianthus tuberosus*) has been found a most useful fodder plant. It has tuberous roots, and leafy stems from four to six feet high. It thrives well on soft moist soils, and even, it is said, on moist peat soils; and it is alleged that its tops will afford as much fodder per acre as a crop of oats, or more, and its roots half as many tubers as an ordinary crop of potatoes. The cultivation of the land for the Jerusalem artichoke is in all respects similar to that for the potato. Δ.

SHERE ALI, AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.—We reprint from The "Times" of April 23, 1872, a remarkable letter from the Ameers of Afghanistan to the acting Viceroy of India on the death of Lord Mayo:—"I have just been shocked to hear the terrible and mournful tidings of the death of the Viceroy and Governor-General of India. By this terrible and unforeseen stroke my heart has been overwhelmed with grief and anguish, for it can scarce occur again in days so out of joint as these that the world will see another so universally beloved and esteemed for his many high and excellent qualities as him who is now in the spirit land. All great and wise men have ever regarded this transitory world as a resting-place for a single night or as an overflowing and changing stream, and have never ceased to remind their fellows that they must pass beyond it and leave all behind them. It is, therefore, incumbent on men not to fix their affections on perishable things during the course of their short lives, which are, as it were, a loan to them from above. Naught remains to the friends and survivors of him who is gone from among us but patience and resignation. The unvarying friendship and kindness displayed towards me by him who is now no more had induced me to determine, if the affairs of Afghanistan at the time permitted the step, to accompany his Excellency on his return to England, so that I might obtain the gratification of a personal interview with her Majesty the Queen, and derive pleasure from travelling in the countries of Europe. Before the eternally predestined decrees, however, men must bow in silence. A crooked and perverse fate always interferes to prevent the successful attainment by any human being of his most cherished desires. What more can be said or written to express my grief and sorrow? It is my earnest wish that your Excellency, wherever you may be, will in future communicate to me accounts of your health, and inform me of your name and titles, that I may be enabled to address my letters correctly."

MIRACLE PLAYS IN ENGLAND.—There is still in existence a rude amphitheatre, in the parish of St. Just, near the Land's End, Cornwall, in which sacred plays, some of a Scriptural and others of a legendary character, were performed in the days before the Reformation, a practice still traditionally remembered by some of the people. Mr. Norris writes thus in his "History of the Ancient Cornish Drama":—"The bare granite plain of St. Just, in view of Cape Cornwall and of the transparent sea which beats upon the magnificent headlands, would be a magnificent theatre for the exhibition of what in those days would appear to be a serious representation of the general history of the Creation, the Fall, and the Redemption of Man, however it might be marred occasionally by passages of a light and even of a ludicrous character. The mighty gathering of the people from

many miles round, hardly showing like a crowd in that extended region, where nothing grows up to limit the view on any side, with their booths and tents, so absolutely necessary when so many people had to remain for three days upon the spot, would give to the assembly a character probably more like what we hear of in the so-called religious revivals in America than anything witnessed in more sober Europe." It may be remembered, also, that at the Congress of the British Archaeological Association held at Bodmin and Penzance in 1856, the Rev. Mr. Lach Szymra stated that there had recently been brought to light a copy of a miracle play actually performed in Cornwall in former times, the "Life of St. Meriasck," comprising the legend of the conversion of Constantine, the legend of the Mother and the Son, and the legendary life of the saint himself, one of great local interest, as some of the scenes were laid about Camborne and Truro. Not much, according to Mr. Lach Szymra, is known as to the way in which these plays were represented, though some of the "stage directions" are extant. They were, doubtless, performed in the open air; but there could hardly have been much scenery, though there were "stage directions" as to tents, houses, etc. At the beginning of the play of the "Creation," for instance, there was a direction to the effect that Hell, when spoken of, should gape wide, from which it may be inferred that the infernal regions were represented by the mouth of an infernal monster, just as shown in old pictures and on old painted widows in Gothic churches. "As at Oberammergau," adds Mr. Lach Szymra, "the background of hills and rocks might have been, and probably were, utilised in order to give grandeur and effect to the mysteries represented." It may be added that Borlase, the Cornish antiquary, writing a little more than a century ago (namely, in 1762), describes the amphitheatre at St. Just as an exact circle, 136ft. in diameter, the bank being 7ft. high on the inside and 10ft. on the outside, and the seats as still traceable, the latter consisting of six series or stages, each 6in. in width, while the rampart at the top was several feet wide. The amphitheatre at St. Just still exists, though the fact that horses and cattle and sheep are allowed to graze upon it, and that it serves also, like a village green, as a playground for children, has lowered its raised stages and "ramparts," and nearly levelled the old stage with the road which skirts it.

THE REAL OBJECTION.—There is good reason to believe that the objection to Paul's writings is not from the "things hard to be understood" which they contain, but from the things easy to be understood, the doctrines so plainly taught by him that "by grace we are saved," that "the wages of sin is death, but eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ;" that our most perfect righteousness can never enable us to claim reward at the hand of God, nor our own unaided strength enable us to practise that righteousness; but that the meritorious sacrifice of Christ is the only foundation of the Christian's hope, and the aid of His Spirit the only support of the Christian's virtue. It is on account of these doctrines that Paul's writings are objected to, because they are humbling to the pride of the human heart, and therefore unacceptable to the natural man.—*Whately*.

DISMAL ART AND DISMAL LITERATURE.—A correspondent of the "Times" recently called attention to the morbid tastes of artists, or rather of the people, whose tastes artists have to study. "After a careful study," he says, "of modern English art, as represented by the Exhibitions, I notice one very strange and lamentable fact—I allude to the ever-increasing love of our artists for gloom, misery, and squalor. Nature had been caught in all her vexed and tortured moods. There was every variety of atmospheric discomfort, ranging from the stormful purples of a thundercloud down to the softest film of morning mist; it was perpetual rain, fog, and cloud. Matters were worse when I came to figure painting. Here was death, squalor, misery, and tears, old women dying, dogs dying, horses in their last throes, felons in prisons and paupers in workhouses—one long apotheosis of pain, sin, and suffering. In real life there is always enough of tears and agony, and shall art also become enamoured of suffering and death? My thoughts go back to the stately calm of Reynolds, the gracious *bonhomie* of Wilkie, and the pomp and happy splendour of Turner, and I ask myself whether these things are to be the traditions of an irreclaimable past." Is there not too much of the same tendency in literature?

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.—In French criminal trials by jury there are three distinguishable cases to which it is material to attend. 1. The crime may have been committed simply. 2. It may have been committed with circumstances of aggravation. 3. It may have been committed with circumstances of extenua-

tion. These circumstances it belongs to the law to define and make provision for. The questions framed for the jury by the French legislators are respectively adapted to these three cases, and point them out with precision to their attention. The English have only one vague, general question by which they are all blended and confounded together. Guilty or not guilty admits no consideration of circumstances; circumstances are not submitted to the cognisance of an English jury; and, in truth, are but little the object of English judicature at all. The judge, indeed, may sometimes take them into consideration in his sentence, but, in most cases, he can do nothing; and, at all events, it is desirable that everything which ought to be done in a criminal prosecution, should be positively enjoined by the law.

THE THREE R's.—In our days of popular education it is amusing to read the arguments of a philosopher once famous, Dr. Mandeville, who, in his "Fable of the Bees," says: "Reading, writing, and arithmetic are very necessary to those whose business requires such qualifications; but, where people's livelihood has no dependence on these arts, they are very pernicious to the poor, who are forced to get their daily bread by their daily labour. Few children make any progress at school, but, at the same time, they are capable of being employed in some business or other; so that every hour those sort of poor people spend at their book, is so much time lost to the society. When obsequiousness and mean services are required, we shall always observe that they are never so cheerfully nor so heartily performed as from inferiors to superiors; I mean inferiors not only in riches and quality, but likewise in knowledge and understanding. A servant can have no unfeigned respect for his master as soon as he has sense enough to find out that he serves a fool. When we are to learn or to obey, we shall experience in ourselves that the greater opinion we have of the wisdom and capacity of those that are either to teach or command us, the greater deference we pay to their laws and instructions. No creatures submit contentedly to their equals; and should a horse know as much as a man, I should not desire to be his rider." Lord Jeffrey, commenting on this, said: "Surely it does not follow that because the poor learn something, the rich may not learn more. Nor, even if it did, would there be any proof given that his learning must needs make a poor man despise his equals in knowledge; for, by the argument, they are only put on an equality. However, we utterly deny the whole of the facts on which this argument rests. As long as a man cannot live without labour, he will work, and no longer, whether he be ignorant or well informed. As long as servility is necessary to some men's livelihood, they will obey others who can support them. As long as servility is conducive to the fortunes, or supposed interests of some men, or to their gratification, they will truckle and fawn to their superior, we much fear, without inquiring exactly whether he is their equal in learning or abilities."

RHEUMATISM.—A man had rheumatism, and in just one half-hour he learned that the following will cure it:—Iodide of potassium, quinine, glauber salts, onions, raw lemons, baked lemons, raw silk, oiled silk, gin and tansey, Turkish baths, a potato carried in the pocket, a horse-chestnut carried in the pocket, an eelskin tied round the leg, a suit of red flannel, chloroform liniment, hot water, cold water, hot lemonade, a trip South, a dry atmosphere, equable temperature, sulphur baths, mustard and hot water, camphor liniment, electricity, etc., etc.—*American Paper*.

RAILWAY SERVANTS' ORPHANAGE.—Do our readers know that nearly a thousand railway servants lose their lives every year in the United Kingdom? The Board of Trade returns only record six to seven hundred deaths annually, but this only refers to those killed on the spot, not taking into account those who die afterwards from injuries received. Comparatively few insure their lives in the Accidental Insurance Company. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants have founded an orphanage, of which the chief establishment is at Derby. This contains little more than fifty orphans, the original scheme contemplating five times that number. At a recent election, twenty-seven urgent cases were brought up for election, and only nine could be received with the existing funds. If a thousand men were killed on one day there would be an immense outburst of public liberality, and columns of subscriptions and donations in the newspapers. The need is not the less in that the deaths are spread over 365 days. At least 1,500 orphans of railway servants are left almost totally unprovided for every year. As yet there is no power to claim compensation from the companies in cases of accident.